Kit and Kat

More Adventures of
The Dutch Twins

Lucy-Fitch-Perkins

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KIT AND KAT

More Adventures of The Dutch Twins

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE Dutch Twins are probably the most famous twins in the world. Since they made their first appearance, Mrs. Perkins's stories about them have sold in hundreds of thousands of copies: they have been translated into many languages: special editions of them have been made for the blind: they have been endorsed by the Educational Committee of the League of Nations: their picturesque and entertaining adventures have pleased readers of all ages. The demand for them continues without any slackening.

It has been customary to publish the volumes of the Twins Series in two editions. The first one, appearing in the fall of the year, has been done for the general public in the large format which is so well known. In the spring season following this publication each book has been issued in a smaller, less elaborate format for use in the schools. The extraordinary interest in 'The Dutch Twins' led some years ago to the publication of a second book about Kit and Kat called 'The Dutch Twins Primer,' which was, as the title indicates, written for school use. This book has appeared in the educational edition only. The demand for more stories for the general public has prompted the making of the present volume, which contains in a slightly revised

form the stories hitherto offered only in the school edition. To those, however, Mrs. Perkins has added others never before published in book form, together with many new illustrations. The book will, we believe, be warmly received by many who will find in it an apportunity for a new visit with old friends.

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KIT AND KAT

Here are Kit and Kat.
They are Twins.
They are Dutch Twins.
Kit is five years old.
Kat is five years old.
They are both fat.

THE FATHER

This is the Father of the Dutch Twins.

He is a Dutch man.

He is a farmer.

He is hoeing cabbages.

He is not fat.

THE MOTHER

This is the Mother of the Dutch Twins.

She is Dutch too.

Kit is Dutch.

Kat is Dutch.

Their Father and Mother are Dutch.

They are all Dutch.

They are all fat but Father.

THE LOOSE TOOTH

"See, Kat," said Kit.

"See my tooth.

It is loose.

I can wiggle it.

You have not got a loose tooth, Kat."

Kat said, "See, Mother! See Kit!
He has a loose tooth.
He can wiggle it.
I am five. Kit is five.
We are both five.
But he has a loose tooth.
I want a loose tooth too."

Kat said, "Your tooth is loose, Kit!
It is very loose.
It will fall out soon.
You will swallow it.
I will pull your loose tooth.
Then you cannot swallow it.
Here is a nice string.
It will not hurt much."

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" said Kit.
"You said it would not hurt.
It does hurt!"
"I said it would not hurt much.
See your nice tooth!
You will never swallow it now!
You will feel better soon.
You are a brave boy," said Kat.
"Ow! Ow! Ow!" said Kit.

Kit and Kat ran to Grandmother.
Kat said, "See, Grandmother! See Kit!
His loose tooth is out!
Here it is on the string."
Kit said, "Kat pulled it out.
She said it would not hurt much."
Kat said, "It did not hurt much."
Kit said, "It did not hurt Kat a bit.
It hurt me! It was my loose tooth."

"I wish I had a loose tooth," said Kat.
"I would pull it out myself.
It does not hurt much.
I would not say, 'Ow! Ow!'
You said, 'Ow! Ow!' six times!"
"Ho! Ho!" said Kit.
"You would say, 'Ow!' ten times!
Boys are brave.
You said I was a brave boy."

One day Kat called to Kit
"Come, Kit. Come here quick.
Now I have a loose tooth too!
I can wiggle it!"
"Let me pull it out for you," said Kit.
"It will not hurt much."
"No," said Kat. "I will pull it myself."
"Ho! Ho!" said Kit. "You will not dare!"
"You will see," said Kat.

Kat tied a string to her tooth.
Then she tied the string to the door.
"Now, I will slam the door," she said.
"Let me slam it for you," said Kit.
"No," said Kat, "I will slam it myself.
I will count, one, two, three.
When I say three, I will slam the door."
Kit said, "I let you pull my tooth.

Let me count for you.
I will count, one, two, three.
But when I say *three*,
you will *not* slam the door.
You will be afraid."
Kit counted "one, two, THREE."
Kat slammed the door!
Out came the tooth!
Kat sat down hard on the floor!

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" said Kat.
"Ho! Ho!" said Kit.
"You said it would not hurt much —
But you said, 'Ow!' three times."
"It did not hurt much
to pull the loose tooth," Kat said.
"But it hurts very much
to sit down hard on the floor.
That is why I said, 'Ow!' "
"Oh," said Kit.
They both ran to Grandmother.
"See, Grandmother!
See my tooth," said Kat.
"She pulled it herself," said Kit.
"No, the door pulled it," said Kat.
"Kat slammed the door herself.
She said, 'Ow!' three times," said Kit.
"It hurts to sit down hard," said Kat.

"That is why I said, 'Ow!' three times.
Kit said, 'Ow!' six times,
and he did not sit down hard at all."
"How brave you both are," said Grandmother.

Kat said, "Now we are just alike.
You are five. I am five.
We are both five.
We are both Twins.
We are both Dutch Twins.
And we both have had a loose tooth."
Only Kat could not say, "loose tooth."
She said, "looth tooth."

THE SURPRISE

One day Kit said to Kat,
"Let me whisper to you.
I am going to surprise Father.
He is hoeing in the garden.
I am going to get the boat.
I will get it alone.
I will take the boat to Father.
I am a big boy now."

"No, no," Kat said to Kit.
"You must not get the boat!
You will fall into the canal!
The water is deep!"
"Ho! Ho!" said Kit.
"No, I will not fall into the canal!
You shall see!
I will pole the boat to Father.
I will give him a nice surprise.
I am a big boy now."

"Run, Mother, run!" cried Kat.
"Kit is going to surprise Father.
He is going to get the boat!
He is going alone.
He will fall into the canal!
The water is deep in the canal."

Kit got into the boat.
"Oh! Oh!" cried Kat.
"He is in the boat.
Stop! Kit! Stop!"
But Kit did not stop.
He pushed with the pole.
The boat began to move.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Kit.
"The boat goes too fast!
It goes faster than I do!
Oh! Oh! I shall fall into the canal!
The water is very deep!
I wish I had not come.
Mother! Mother!"
Then there was a great splash.
Kit fell into the canal!

"Help! help!" screamed Kit.
Before you could count one, two, three,
his mother was there.
Kat was there too.
They had run along the bank.
His mother had a stick.
She held out the stick.

Kit took hold of it.
Before you could count four, five, six,
he was on the bank.
He was very wet.
Kat called to her father.
He was hoeing in the garden.
"Come, Father. Come quick!"
Father ran as fast as he could.
Before you could count ten,
he was there too.
"Just look at Kit," said his mother.
"He took the boat.
He fell into the canal."
"I was going to surprise you," said Kit.
"You did surprise me," said Father.
"I am surprised
that you are such a bad boy."
"I told him to stop," said Kat.

They all went home with Kit.
When they got home his mother said,
"Kit, you are very wet.
You must put on dry clothes."
Kit put on dry clothes.

Then his father took Kit out of doors.
He drove a stake in the ground.
He tied Kit to the stake.
"This is *your* surprise," he said.
Kit was tied to the stake
for a long time.
"I do not like this surprise," said Kit.
"I will not take the boat again."

THE FARMERS

One day Father gave the Twins
two little farms.
The farms were five feet wide.
They were ten feet long.
"Now we are farmers," said Kat.
"First we must spade the ground,"
said Kit.

Kat got the spade
and gave it to Kit.
Kit began to dig.
Kat stood by and told him how.
"You must dig deep," Kat said.
"It is hard work to dig deep," Kit said.
"You must push down hard," said Kat.
"I do push down hard," said Kit.
"You must push down harder," said Kat.
"Let me take the spade.
I will show you how to dig."
Kat began to dig.
She pushed down hard on the spade.
But it did not go in deep.
"Push hard," Kit said.
"I do push hard," said Kat.
"I will push with both feet.
Then I shall go in deep."

Kat put both feet on the spade!
But it did not go in deep.
It fell over. Kat fell too.
She sat down hard on the ground.
"Ow! Ow!" she cried.
"Is it hard work to dig deep?" said Kit.
"Ow! Ow!" said Kat.

Father came from his garden.
The Twins ran to him.
"Father, we cannot dig deep," Kat said.
"The ground is very hard."
"I will spade your farms for you,"
said Father.
When the ground was all spaded,
the Twins planted their seeds.
Kit planted beets and carrots.
Kat planted beans.

Every day they watered their seeds.
At last one day they found ten rows
of little green leaves.
Their seeds had come up.
They grew and grew.
The weeds grew too.
The Twins took turns hoeing them.
One day when Kit was hoeing,
Kat said to him,

"Let us sell our beets and beans
and carrots at the market."
"What shall we buy with the money
we get for them?" said Kit.
"Let us buy a dog," said Kat.
"Let us buy a cart too," said Kit.
"Oh, what fun!" cried Kat.
Kit did not hoe any more.

He sat down on a box.
Kat sat on another box.
They talked about the dog cart.
"What shall we name the dog?"
said Kat.
"Let us name him Lion," said Kit.
"No," said Kat. "His name is Heiny.
He is a nice yellow dog."
"He is my dog," said Kit.
"I thought about him first."

"Heiny is *our* dog," said Kat.
"He is a nice yellow dog.
The cart is yellow too."
"No," said Kit, "the cart is not yellow.
It is red. It has red wheels."
"You may have the cart red if you like,"
said Kat,
"But Heiny is a yellow dog."
"With Heiny and the cart we can earn
a lot of money," said Kit to Kat.
"We will put the beets and beans
and carrots into the cart.
Then we will drive from door to door.
At one house we will sell beets.
At the next house we will sell beans.
Then we will sell carrots.
I will drive the cart."
"No, no," said Kat. "Let me drive.

I can drive as well as you can."
"I will drive. I am a boy," said Kit.
Just then Father came by.
The Twins ran to him.

Kat cried, "Father, Kit will not let me drive Heiny and the cart!"

"What cart?" said Father.

"Who is Heiny?"

"Heiny is our yellow dog!" said Kat.

"The cart is red," said Kit.

"We are going to put our beets and beans and carrots in the cart. Then we are going to sell them."

Father sat down on a box.

Then he said to the Twins,

"How are you going to get the dog and cart?"

"We are going to sell our beets and beans and carrots at the market," said Kit.

"With the money we will buy the dog cart."

"Oh! I see!" said Father.
Then Kit said, "We are going to earn
a lot of money!
We will put our beets and beans
and carrots in the cart.
Then we will sell them
from door to door."
"But you were going to sell your beets

and beans and carrots to buy
the dog cart," said Father.
"If you sell them to buy the dog cart
How can you sell them again?"
"I did not think about that," said Kit.
"Think about it now," said Father.
Then he went to feed the pig.
The Twins thought and thought.
"We cannot sell the beets and beans
and carrots two times," said Kit.
"No," said Kat, "we cannot."
Then they thought some more.
"We can sell them once," Kit said.
"Then we can have the dog anyway."
Mother came out to feed the hens.
She saw the Twins standing still.
She saw the hoe in the ground.
She saw the weeds growing.

"If you don't keep the weeds out,
you will not have any beets
and beans and carrots at all.
You will have only weeds,"
she said.

"Oh, dear!" said Kat. "It seemed so
easy when we just talked about it.
Now it does not seem easy at all."

Then they began to pull weeds
as hard as they could.

THE RABBITS

The next day Grandfather came.
He brought a basket.
The Twins ran to meet him.
Grandfather said, "You may look in my basket.

There is a surprise in it.
It is for you."
Kit and Kat looked in.
There were three rabbits in the basket!
One big rabbit, and two little ones.
"Come, Mother, come!" cried Kat.
"Grandfather has three rabbits!
One mother rabbit!
Two baby rabbits!
They are for Kit and me."
"They are a surprise," said Kit.
"I like this surprise."
"Rabbits like beans and beets,"
said Mother.
"They like carrots too.
You must keep them in a pen.
If they get out they will eat up
your garden."

Father made a pen for the rabbits.
The Twins put the rabbits in the pen.
"Now, Kit," said Kat,
"you must be careful.
You must not let the rabbits out.
They will eat up our beans.
They will eat up our carrots and beets too.

Then we cannot sell them.
If we do not sell them, we cannot get
a dog."
"I wish the rabbits
would just eat weeds," said Kat.
"But they will not eat weeds," said Kit.
"They will eat the beets and beans and
carrots."
The next day Kit went out
to feed the rabbits.
Then he called to Kat,
"Kat, Kat! Come quick!
The rabbits are gone."
Kat ran to the rabbit pen.
"Oh, our farms! Our farms!" she cried.
They ran as fast as they could
to the farms.
There the rabbits were.

The mother rabbit was eating carrots.
The baby rabbits were eating beets
and beans.
When they saw the Twins
they ran away.

Kit and Kat ran after them.
They ran and ran.
The rabbits could run much faster
than the Twins.
The Twins' mother was hanging out
the clothes.
All at once she felt something warm
against her feet.

She felt it wiggle.
She was scared.
She jumped right up and down.
She screamed, "Snakes! Rats! Shoo!
Scat!"
But it was not snakes.

It was not rats.
It was the big rabbit.
The big rabbit was scared too.
It jumped and ran.
It ran under the kitchen steps.
The baby rabbits ran after her.
The Twins' mother was so scared
she sat down in the clothes-basket!
Just then the Twins came running by.
They saw her sitting in the clothes-
basket.
"Mother, Mother!" they cried,
"what is the matter?"
"The big rabbit!" said their mother.
"She ran under my skirt.
I thought it was a rat or a snake.
I could feel it wiggle!
I jumped up in the air.

The rabbit jumped too.
It jumped and ran.
It ran under the steps.
The little rabbits are there too.
I was so scared I sat down
in the clothes-basket."
"We will help you out," said Kat.
"You pull, Kit, and I will push.
One, two, three! Out goes she!"

Then Kat pushed and Kit pulled.
Their mother stood up.
They all three looked at the basket.
"Oh dear!" said Kat.
"Oh dear!" said her mother.

Kit did not say a word.
The rabbits were still under the steps.
"How can we catch them?" said Kat.
"They will not come out."
"Come, Bunny! Come, Bunny!"
Kit cried.
But they did not come.
"Let us get something they like to eat," said Kat.
"They like to eat our carrots and beets and beans," said Kit.
"They are just full of them now."
"Give them some more," said Kat.
Kit got some carrot leaves.
He held them down by the step.
Soon the big rabbit smelled them.
Then she stuck her head out and began to eat.

Kit caught her by her long ears.
Kat caught the baby rabbits.
Just then they saw Father coming.
They all went to meet him.

"Father, Father, our rabbits got out!"
cried Kit.
"They ate ever so many plants
on our farms," said Kat.
"They ran under my feet," said Mother.
"The rabbits were scared —
I was scared too.
I sat down in the clothes-basket."
"Just look at the clothes-basket now,"
said Kat.
Father looked at the clothes-basket.
Then he looked at Mother.
Then he laughed.
"We will get a new basket," he said.
"But Mother must not sit down in it."
Then he said to the Twins,
"I will help you mend the rabbit
pen and plant your farms again.

I will give you some cabbage plants.
While Mother gets dinner,
we will set them out."
When dinner was ready,
the cabbages were all planted.

GOING TO MARKET

At last there came a day
when Father said to the Twins:
"I am going to market in the boat.
You may go with me
to sell your vegetables
I am going to-morrow.

You must get ready to-day."
All day long Kit and Kat worked.
They pulled up all their vegetables.
They washed them clean.
They tied the carrots and beets
in bunches.
They tied eight in each bunch.
They put the beets and beans
and carrots in baskets.
They had half a peck of beans.
They had one bushel of carrots
and beets.
They had twelve large fine cabbages.
Early the next morning Father put
the vegetables in the boat.
He put the Twins in the boat too.
Mother came to see them start to market.
"Sit still," she said to the Twins.

"And do not let Father forget
my clothes-basket."
Father rowed for a long time.
At last they came to the town.
Father tied the boat to a post.
They all got out.

Father took the basket of beans.
There were beets in the basket too.
The carrots were on top.
Kit and Kat each took a cabbage.
Kit and Father carried the basket
between them.
The market was not far away.
They found a nice stall.
They set down their baskets.
There was a bench in the stall.
They spread everything on the bench.
Then Father said, "Stay here
while I go back to the boat.
I will get the rest of the vegetables."
Kit and Kat stood up behind the bench.
Soon a fat man came along.
He had a basket on his arm.
When he saw the Twins he stopped.

"Ho! Ho!" he said, "What are you
two babies doing here?"
"We are not babies," said Kat;
"we are five years old."

"Bless my heart," said the fat man.
He set down his basket.
"We are farmers," said Kit.
"Bless my heart," said the fat man
again.
"Did you raise all these vegetables?"
"Yes, we did," cried the Twins,
both at once.
"We are going to sell them
and buy a dog," said Kat.
"He is a yellow dog.
His name is Heiny."
"The cart is red," said Kit.
"Bless my heart," said the fat man.
"How much are your beans?"
Kit looked at Kat.
Kat looked at Kit.
Then they both said, "We don't know."

Just then Father came back.
"Father! Father," cried the Twins.
"How much are our beans?"
"Ten cents a quart," said Father.
"Ten cents a quart," said Kit to the man.
Father gave Kit the quart measure.
Kit measured two quarts of beans.
The fat man gave him ten cents
for one quart.
He gave Kat ten cents
for the other quart.
He put the beans in his basket.
Then he said, "Good-bye," and went
away.
A woman came with her basket.
She bought two cabbages for ten cents.
She bought a bunch of carrots
for eight cents.

"How much money have we now,
Father?" said Kat.
"Farmers must learn to count,"
said Father.
Kit and Kat tried.
They counted all their fingers.
"I can't do it on my fingers," said Kat.
"There are not enough of them."

"Count your toes too," said Father.
"I can't count my toes," said Kat.
"They are in my wooden shoes."
"We have more money
than we can count," said Kit.
"You must be very rich," said Father.
"It is nice to be so rich," said Kat,
"but money is a great care."
"Look, Kat, look!" cried Kit.
He pointed up the street.
"Who is that coming?"
Kat stopped counting her fingers
and looked.
"It is Grandfather!" she cried.
"He has a dog.
It is a yellow dog.
It is, oh, it is — Heiny!
Oh, what a good Grandfather!"

"Father! Father! See Heiny!"
they screamed.
Father laughed, "How do you know
it is Heiny?" he said.
But the Twins did not hear a word.
They were running to meet their grand-
father.

"O Grandfather! Grandfather! Where did you find Heiny?" cried Kit.

"I knew it was Heiny the minute I saw him!" screamed Kat.

The Twins sat right down on the sidewalk.

They hugged Heiny.

Then they hugged Grandfather.

Heiny wagged his tail and barked for joy.

He kissed Kat on the nose

He licked Kit's hands.

They were all very happy.

Then Kit said to Kat, "We have not sold all of our vegetables yet.

"Maybe we cannot buy Heiny."

"Let us ask Grandfather," said Kat.

"All right," said Kit.

Then Kit said, "Grandfather, we have
ten cents and ten cents
and eight cents.
Is that enough to pay for Heiny?"
Grandfather said, "Yes, if you will give
me all that and two cabbages."

The Twins and Grandfather and Heiny
all went back to the stall.
Kit gave the money to Grandfather.
Kat gave him the cabbages.
"Now Heiny is really our own dog!"
cried Kit.
"Father, is he not a nice yellow dog?"
Father said, "I never saw a yellow
dog that I liked any better
than Heiny."
"Won't Mother be surprised?" said Kit.
"I am sure she will," said Father.
"Oh what a nice surprise!" said Kat.
When the vegetables were all sold
they said good-bye to Grandfather.
They took Heiny with them
to the boat.
It was late when they got home.

"Let us creep up to the house
as still as mice," said Kit.
"Then we will put Heiny
in the kitchen.
Mother will not see us at all.
She will just see Heiny.
How surprised she will be!"
The Twins each took hold
of Father's hands.
Heiny ran ahead of them.
"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" said Heiny.
"Oh Heiny! Good dog! Keep still!"
said Kit.
But Mother heard Heiny bark.
She came to the door and looked out.
Then she went to meet them.
Heiny ran to meet her.
He jumped around and wagged his tail.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Mother.
"Whose dog are you?"
"He is our dog! He is Heiny!"
screamed the Twins.
"Oh! Oh!" said Mother again.

"Grandfather got him for us!"
cried Kit.
"Are you surprised?" asked Kat.
"Oh, very much surprised," said Mother.
"That is because you are good!"
said Kat.
"Nice surprises come
when you are good."
"If I keep on being good, shall I get
more dogs?" said Mother.
"Maybe," said Kat.
Mother had dinner all ready.
She had made onion soup.
She gave them each a bowl of it.
She gave Heiny a bone.
Then she thought of something!
She said to Father,
"Where is my clothes-basket?"

"Bless my heart! Where is it!
To be sure!" said Father.
"You forgot it!" said Mother.
"The Twins forgot it too," said Father.
"Anyway, Mother, we brought you
Heiny," said Kat.
"He is much better than a basket."

"Heiny is a nice yellow dog,
but I cannot carry clothes in him,"
said Mother.
"I will get you a basket the next time
I go to market," said Father.
"The next time you go for a basket,
do not bring home a dog instead,"
said Mother.
Then they all laughed.
After dinner Father took some money
out of his pocket.
"This is your money," he said
to the Twins.
"I sold all the rest of your vegetables.
This is the money I got for them.
We will keep it in the old teapot
until you can count it your-
selves."

HEINY

Heiny liked his new home very much.
He found many things he liked to do.
The very first day when Kat went out
to feed the hens,
he barked at them.
The hens were scared.
They squawked and ran.
Heiny liked to see the hens run.

"Heiny, Heiny, come here!
You are a bad dog," cried Kat.
When Heiny was tired of the hens,
he found a mud puddle.
He waded in the mud.
Then he went back to the house.
The kitchen door was open.
There was no one in the kitchen.
He went in.
Soon he found one of Father's slippers.
He chewed it and chewed it.
Then he dragged it around the floor.
Then he shook it as if it were a rat.
Everywhere he went,
he left black marks on the floor.
He was having a very nice time.
Just then Mother came in.
She saw Heiny.

"Oh, my clean floor!" she cried.
"I had just scrubbed it!
Now I must scrub it again!
You are a very bad dog.
Go right out!"
She pointed her finger at the door.

But Heiny did not go.
He sat down on the floor
and wagged his tail.
Every time he wagged it, it made
more black marks.
Heiny was a very friendly dog.
Mother took Heiny by the back
of his neck.
She put him out of doors.
"Ki-yi! ki-yi!" howled Heiny.
He did not want to be put out.
He wanted to stay in the kitchen.
He was having a nice time
in the kitchen.
When she had put Heiny out,
Mother shut the door.
Then she got her pail and brush.
She scrubbed and scrubbed.

When the floor was clean again,
she set her mop and brush
outside the kitchen door.
Then she forgot to shut the door.
There was soup cooking in the pot.
"Now I must go and milk the cow,"
she said to herself.

"The Twins and Heiny may go too.
But the soup must not burn
while I am gone."
She set the soup pot on a flat pan
on the floor.
Then she took her pail and went out
to milk the cow.
Kit and Kat were in the yard
with Heiny.
"Come, Heiny," they called.
We are going to milk the cow."
While they walked to the pasture,
Mother said,
"Heiny has been a very bad dog.
He chewed up Father's slipper.
He got black mud all over
my clean floor.
I had to scrub it again.

Kit and Kat, you must never leave
the kitchen door open.
Heiny must not spoil
my nice clean floor."
The Twins felt very sad about Heiny.

"We will be sure to shut the door,"
they said.
"We are very sad about Heiny."
But Heiny was not at all sad.
He was very gay.
He barked at everything he saw.
When he got to the pasture he thought
it would be fun to chase the cow.
He thought that maybe the cow
would squawk and run like a hen.
He barked at her.
But the cow did not run.
She did not squawk.
She put down her head
and shook her horns at Heiny.
Heiny was scared.
He put his tail between his legs and ran
home as fast as he could go.

When Heiny got home
he ran at once to the kitchen door.
It was open. He looked in.
He smelled something very good.
It was the soup.
He found the pot.
He stuck his nose in it.
He took it out again very quickly.
The soup was hot.
"Ki-yi! ki-yi!" he yelped.
He was surprised that anything that
smelled so good could feel so bad.
So he stuck his nose in again.
He took a big mouthful.
That time he could not even yelp.
He jumped and ran.
He upset the pot.
The soup ran all over the floor.

It ran over one of Heiny's paws.
His mouth was burned.
His paw was burned too.
Heiny ran out into the yard.
He sat down by the rabbit pen.
He tried to lick his burned paw,
but it hurt his burned tongue.
Heiny was a very sad dog.
When the Twins and their mother came into the yard, Mother looked at the kitchen door.
She saw that it was open!
Then she set her milk pail down on the ground and ran.
Kit and Kat ran too.
They looked in at the kitchen door.
There was the soup pot tipped over!
There was the soup on the floor!

There were Heiny's tracks,
but Heiny was nowhere to be seen.
"Who left that door open?"
cried Mother.
"Not I," said Kit. "Not I," said Kat.

"The one who left that door open ought
to scrub the floor!" said Mother.
"It would serve him just right
for being so careless."
"Mother," said Kit, very politely,
"I think you were the last one
to leave the house."
"Was I?" said Mother.
"I think you were," said Kat.
Then Mother thought of something else.
"The milk! The milk!" she screamed.
"Heiny will be in that next."
She ran and got the milk pail.
She took it into the house.
Then she got the scrubbing brush and
mop.
"Stay in the yard till I call you,"
she said to the Twins.

Then she went into the kitchen
and shut the door.
It grew later and later.
The sun went down.
Still Mother did not call them to supper.
When Father came home
the Twins met him.
"You must not go in now," said Kat.
"Mother is scrubbing."

"Scrubbing! At this hour?" said Father.
He was very much surprised.
"Yes," said Kit. "You see
Heiny tracked up her clean floor."
"Then when she scrubbed it again,
he tipped over the soup," said Kat.
Just then the kitchen door opened.
Mother stood in the doorway.
"Come in to your supper," she said.
"You will get only bread and milk.
You will not get any soup."
Father and the Twins
went into the kitchen.
It was all clean again.
As they sat down to eat their bread
and milk, they heard Heiny howl,
a long, long howl!
"I think Heiny is sorry, Mother," said Kat.

THE DOG CART

One day in the fall the Twins were playing in the yard.
They saw Grandfather coming.
He was pulling a little cart.
Grandmother was with him.
She had a basket on her arm.
The Twins ran to meet them.
When they saw the cart they screamed for joy.
"O Grandfather, is that our cart?"
"Yes," said Grandfather. "I made it for you.
I made it out of a box."
"It is the nicest cart in the whole world," said Kit.
"You are the nicest grandfather in the whole world," said Kat.

The Twins hugged Grandfather
both at once.
"Ow! Ow!" cried Grandfather.
"You will choke me.
If you choke me, you will never know
what is in the basket."
The Twins stopped hugging at once.
Then Grandfather opened the basket.
He took out a little harness.
"Grandmother made that for you,"
said Grandfather.
"O Grandmother! You are the best
grandmother in the whole world,"
cried the Twins.
They hugged her too.
Then Grandmother said, "Did you see
the paint pot?"
"No! No!" cried the Twins.

They ran back to Grandfather.
There beside the cart was a pot of red
paint and two brushes!
Just then Mother came to the door.
When she saw the paint she said,
"You must have on some big old aprons.
Then you may paint."

"O Kat!" cried Kit. "Red paint!
I said the cart would be red."
"I am going to the garden now
to see Father," said Grandfather.
"You must have the cart all painted
when I get back."
Mother found two big old aprons.
She put one on Kit.
She put the other on Kat.
Then the Twins began to paint.
Kit painted one side of the cart.
Kat painted the other.
While they painted, Heiny was
out in the yard.
He was having a nice time barking
at the old gray goose.
The old gray goose did not like Heiny.
She pecked him on the nose.

"Ki-yi! Ki-yi!" yelped Heiny.
He ran into the stable.
Kit and Kat did not see Heiny come in.
When they did see him, he had both
his front paws in the paint pot.
He thought it was something to eat.
"Go away, Heiny! Bad dog!"
screamed Kit.

He waved his brush at Heiny.
Heiny remembered the soup.
He began to run.
His paws left red marks on the floor.
His nose was red too.
He had paint on it.
But that was not the worst of it.
He tipped over the paint pot!
He got all four paws into the paint.
Then he ran out of the stable.
Kit ran after him.
"Heiny will get red paint
on Mother's clean floor!" cried Kat.
She ran after him too.
They both forgot their big old aprons!
First Kat tripped and fell.
She fell into the paint.
She had her paint brush in her hand.

The paint brush made her nose
and cheek all red.
Then Kit fell too.
He got paint on his hair and ears.
"Ow! Ow!" screamed Kat.
"Ow! Ow!" screamed Kit.
Mother and Grandmother ran to them.

They saw the red paint.
They thought it was blood.
"Oh, what have you done?"
cried Mother.
She picked up Kat.
Grandmother picked up Kit.
"We did n't do anything!
Heiny did it all!" sobbed Kat.
"He got into the paint!
He tipped it over!" cried Kit.
"Oh, what a dog!" said Mother.
"Are you hurt?" cried Grandmother.
She wiped Kit's face with a rag.
"No, I am not hurt," sobbed Kit.
"Are you hurt?" cried Mother.
"No," sobbed Kat. "I am not hurt.
I am crying about Heiny.
He is such a careless dog!"

"I never knew a careful dog,"
said Mother.
"Never mind! Come in now
and get washed.
It is almost supper time."
She took Kat and Grandmother took
Kit.
They took off the aprons.
They hung them on the line in the
yard.
Then they stood the Twins up
in the middle of the kitchen floor.
"Do not move," they said.
"Do not touch anything."
Mother and Grandmother got
the washtub.
They got rags and soap and a brush.
They filled the tub with water.

They began with the top of Kit's head.
They scrubbed and scrubbed.
"Ow! Ow! You've got soap
in my eyes!" screamed Kit.
"You are pulling my hair!"
screamed Kat.

"You must be brave," said Mother.
"This paint has to come off!"
"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I don't like this!"
cried Kit.
"Neither do I," said Grandmother,
"but it must be done!"
They scrubbed for a long time.
At last Mother said, "There you are!
as good as new!"
Kit and Kat went out of doors.
They looked very clean.
"I wonder where Heiny is," said Kit.
"Let us find him," said Kat.
They looked by the rabbit cage.
He was not there.
At last they found him.
He was sitting by the pigpen.
He did not look happy.

He still had red paint on his nose
and paws.
But he had licked a great deal
of the paint off.
That was why he did not look happy.
When he saw Kit and Kat he crawled
along the ground.
"Don't you come near me!" cried Kat.
"Nor me!" said Kit.

"You would get red paint on me.
Then I would have to be washed
again!"
"Ki-yi! Ki-yi!" yelped Heiny.
He knew he had been a bad dog.
And besides, he had a pain.
That was because of the paint
he had eaten.
When Father and Grandfather
came home, the Twins ran out
to meet them.
They told them all about Heiny
and the paint.
They told them all about the scrubbing.
"I thought you looked very clean,"
said Father.
"They almost scrubbed the skin off,"
said Kit.

"Don't you like to be clean?"
asked Grandfather.
"Yes, I like to be clean," said Kit,
"but I do not like to be washed."
"Neither do I," said Kat.
"Did you get the cart painted?"
asked Grandfather.
"Yes, it is all painted!" cried the Twins.
"Come and see it!
It is the nicest cart in the whole world."
Grandfather and Father and the Twins went to see the cart.
"Be careful!" said Kat. "You must not step in the paint!"
But Mother had cleaned up the paint that was spilled.
The stable was clean again.

"Your Mother is a great scrubber,"
said Father.
"Yes, she is," said Kit. He felt his ear.
"Grandmother is too," he said.
"So she is," said Grandfather.
Then they went through the door
into the kitchen.
The table was set for supper.
There was a bright fire on the hearth.
The kitchen was so clean it shone.
The pots and pans shone too.
The kettle was singing.
Grandmother was knitting.
Mother was just putting the soup
on the table.
"Oh," whispered Kat to Kit,
"don't you feel glad that you are
a Dutch boy?"

"Yes," said Kit.

"How good the soup smells!" said Kat.

"M — m — m!" said Kit. "I am glad
I am fat.
If I were not fat, I could not hold
so much soup!"

"You must not be greedy," said Kat.

"Come to supper," said Mother.

"I am glad I am a Dutch girl and that
I live in a Dutch house, and have
a Dutch father and mother and
grandfather and grandmother,"
said Kat.

"And a Dutch dog and a Dutch cart,"
said Kit.

Then they went to their supper.

ONE MORNING

One morning Kit and Kat slept very late.

A robin tried to wake them.

He lit on the branch of a cherry tree near the kitchen door.

He sang his morning song.
"Wake up! Wake up!"
"Tiralee, tiralee," he sang.
But Kit and Kat did not wake up.
Father Vedder ate his breakfast
and went out to work in the field.
Mother Vedder washed her dishes
and tidied up her kitchen.
Still Kit and Kat slept.
At last Mother Vedder opened the
curtains of their little cupboard
bed.
She peeped in.
A sunbeam slipped through the
curtains, too.
It danced over Kat's little round nose.
It tried to peep into Kit's blue eyes.
But Kit's eyes were shut tight.

So were Kat's.
"Bless their little hearts,"
said Mother Vedder to herself,
"how they do sleep!"
She shut the curtains again.
Then she went to the pump
to get a pail of water.
The pump wheezed and squeaked.
Even this noise did not wake the
Twins.
Mother Vedder brought in the pail.
She set it down on the kitchen floor.
She began to scrub.
Every day and every day
Mother Vedder scrubbed
the kitchen floor.
"Thump, thump, thump,"
went the scrubbing-brush.

Kat opened her eyes.
Something was bumping against the
cupboard bed.
She was awake at last.
"Thump, thump, thump, swish, swish,
swish."
Kat got up on her hands and knees.
She peeped out between the curtains.
Kit woke up and poked his head out,
too.
He wanted to see what was going on.
This is what they saw.
They saw their mother
on her hands and knees
on the floor.
She was scrubbing away
as hard as ever she could scrub.
There was a nice puddle

of soapy water right beside the bed.

Kit thought it would be fun
to paddle in the puddle
with his bare feet.

The cupboard bed was high up
from the floor.

It was too high for short legs.

Kit turned over on his stomach.

He was just going to slide down
into the nice soapy puddle,
when Mother Vedder saw him.

She jumped to her feet.

She lifted Kit and swung him
over the puddle.

She set him down in a dry spot
beside the stove.

Then she lifted Kat

and swung her down beside Kit.
"There you are, my little dormice,"
she said.
"This is a nice dry spot.
You can dress here without getting
wet."
"But I should like to get wet,"
said Kit.
"So should I," said Kat;
"that is such a nice soapy puddle!"
"You cannot play in the puddle,"
said Mother.
"You must dress as quickly
as ever you can,
so I can finish my scrubbing.
When you are dressed,
I will show you the nice breakfast
I have for you."

"What is it?" said Kit.

"It's a secret," said Mother.

The Twins hurried as fast as they could.

They hurried so fast
that Kit got buttoned up wrong
and Kat got her petticoat on
inside out.

They had to take their clothes off again
and put them on right.
Kat helped Kit, and Kit helped Kat.
By and by they were all dressed.
They stood up side by side
in front of the stove.
"See, Mother," they said.

"We are all dressed.
We are very hungry."
Mother looked at them.
"I see you are dressed," she said,
"but are you washed?"
"We forgot that," said Kit.
He wished his Mother would forget it,
too.
But she did not forget.
In five minutes Kit said,
"We are washed now."
"Then I will show you the secret,"
said Mother.
She lifted a white cloth from the table.
"Here it is," she said.
There on the table were
four golden-brown buns,
all in a row.

"Buns," said Mother, "all spread
with honey, for your breakfast."
"Buns! oh goody!" cried Kat.

"And honey!" shouted Kit.

The Twins loved buns spread with honey.

"You may take the buns out of doors," said Mother.

"It is a nice morning to eat out of doors."

She gave them each two buns.

Then she opened the door for them.

There on the door-step were their wooden shoes.

They slipped their feet into the shoes.

Heiny was on the door-step, too, waiting for them.

He jumped up to lick their faces.

He saw the buns. Heiny liked buns, too.

"Down, Heiny, down!" cried Mother.

She did not want him to lick the Twins'
faces.
She did not want him to eat their buns.
"You have had your breakfast,"
she said to Heiny.
Kit and Kat held the buns up high,
so Heiny could not reach them.
They ran clippity-clap in their wooden
shoes
down the path to the straw-stack.
The straw-stack was beside the stable.
"Here is a nice place to eat
our breakfast," said Kat.
"So it is," said Kit.
They sat down in the straw.

THE STORKS

It was a beautiful bright morning.
The frogs were croaking.
The birds were singing
and flying about to find places
to build their nests.
Cows were eating the rich green grass
in the field beside the canal.
On the edge of the straw-stack
the geese were hunting
for kernels of grain.
They waggled their tails sidewise
and made little squeaky sounds

because they were so happy.
Kit and Kat were just as happy
as the geese.
They liked sitting in the sunshine
on the straw-stack.
They began to eat their buns.
Heiny came and sat down in front of
them.
He looked at the buns
with his ears cocked
and his tongue hanging out.
He thought maybe the Twins
would give the buns to him.
"No, no, Heiny," said Kit.
"You are not polite."
But Heiny only wagged his tail
and kept on looking.
"I shall eat my bun slowly;

then it will last a long time," said Kat.

"Ho!" said Kit, "I shall take big bites of mine."

He opened his mouth wide.

He took a big bite.

Just at that very minute right over their heads they heard a queer flapping noise.

A great big bird flew over the straw-stack and lit on the thatch of the stable roof.

It had a long neck and long legs.

It had a long red bill.

Kit's eyes popped wide open with surprise.

He opened his mouth, too,

but on account of the bun
he could not say a single word!
"A stork!" gasped Kat.
Kit shook his finger at Kat.
He tried to say "Shsh,"
but his mouth was too full.

He could not say it.
They both sat very still.
They did not want to scare
the stork away.
The geese saw the stork, too.
They squawked and gazed up at the
roof.
The old gander waddled toward the
stable.
He stretched his long neck, spread his
wings,
and said "Kss, kss,"
in a very threatening way.
Heiny forgot about the buns.
He began to bark.
"Oh," whispered Kat,
"they will scare the stork away!
They must not scare him away,

because Grandmother says that
sometimes,
if people are very good,
the storks bring them
a brand-new baby."

Kit tried to whisper something back,
but the words got all chewed up
in the bun.

They sat very still and watched the
stork.

The stork stood stiff as a soldier
on one foot and looked out
over the green fields
as if he had not heard a sound.

Soon the geese forgot all about him.

They waddled down to the canal
for a swim.

Heiny forgot him, too.

He ran off by himself to dig a hole
in Mother Vedder's tulip-bed.
When Heiny and the geese were gone,
there came another flapping noise.
Right over the Twins' heads
flew another great bird!
It settled down on the roof,
tucked up one leg,
and stood, stiff as a soldier,
beside its mate.
"A pair of them!" wheezed Kit
through the bun.
"Oh, Kit!" whispered Kat,
"maybe they will build a nest
on the roof!"
Kit swallowed a large swallow.
Then he said:
"Father won't let them

build a nest on the roof.
He says they spoil the thatch."
"Let's run and ask him," said Kat.
"We will ask very politely.
Then maybe he will let them."
They slid quietly down from the straw-
stack and pattered away to the
house.
They flung open the door
and burst into the kitchen.
"There are two storks
on the stable roof," they shouted.
Father Vedder set down the box
of young plants he was carrying.
Mother Vedder dropped the pillow
she was shaking.
Then they all ran out of the door
and stood in a row

looking up at the birds
on the stable roof.
"Oh, Father, won't you *please*
let them build a nest
on the stable roof
if they want to?" asked Kat.
She asked very politely.
Father Vedder did not say a word.
He looked up at the storks.
He whistled softly to himself.
"Keep still," whispered Kit to Kat.
"He's thinking. When he thinks,
he almost always says yes."
They both kept as still as mice
and watched Father Vedder think.
Pretty soon he stopped whistling.
He nodded his head, and said, "Um."
Then he went into the stable.

Mother Vedder went back to the kitchen.
Suddenly the two storks flew away
with their long legs

streaming out behind them.
"Oh, dear! oh, dear! There they go!"
sighed Kat.
They watched the storks
until they flew out of sight.
Then they went back to the straw-stack
and sat down again.
They were almost ready to cry.

"I don't suppose they will ever
come back," said Kit,
"so we may as well eat our breakfast."
He finished his buns in six bites.
Kat still had her buns in her hands.
Her fingers were all sticky with honey.
She ate her buns and licked her fingers.
Then she felt better.
They looked and looked in the sky,
but there was no sign of the
storks.

THE NEST

By and by Father came out of the stable.
He was carrying a long pole
and an old cart-wheel.
He set the wheel
on the end of the pole
and wedged it tightly with sticks.
Then he dug a hole

and set up the pole
in the stable-yard.
He made it very strong and firm.
When it was all done, he said,
"There! that is a fine place
for the storks to make a nest."
"But the storks are gone!"
cried Kit and Kat.
"There aren't any storks!"
"Maybe they will come back
when they see
what a fine place we have made
for them," said Father.
"You watch and see."
Then he went away to the field.
Kit and Kat sat on the straw-stack for
some time.
They watched and watched,

but they saw only the blue sky
with little white clouds in it.
Then Kit had a thought.
Sometimes it was Kat
who had a thought,
and sometimes it was Kit.
It was Kit this time.
"I tell you what we can do," said Kit.
"Let's get some little sticks for the nest and scatter them about in the straw.
When the storks see the wheel and the sticks,
they will want to build a nest."
They trotted away at once
to the willow trees by the canal.
They worked and worked.
Soon they had a nice pile of twigs.

They brought the sticks back
to the stable-yard
and scattered them in the straw.
Still there was no sign
of the storks.
By and by they sat down again.
They were discouraged.
"Oh, dear me!" sighed Kat.
"I do want the storks to come back
and bring us a baby sister
with blue eyes
and a dear little snubby nose!
I do so want one!
Don't you want one, Kit?"
Kit thought a minute.
Then he said, "I think
a baby brother would be nicer."
"Maybe God will tell the storks

to bring us one,
if we ask Him," said Kat.
"All right," said Kit,
"let's ask Him!"
They knelt down in the straw
just as they did at night
when they said their prayers.
"You begin," said Kat.

"You must ask very politely."
Kit shut his eyes and folded his hands.
"Dear God," he said,
"please send back the storks
and tell them to bring us a
baby brother."
Kat interrupted him.
"A baby sister, if you please, dear God,"
she said,
"but if there aren't any girl babies left,
any kind of baby will do. Amen."
They opened their eyes
and looked up at the sky.
They hoped to see the storks.
But there was not a single bird
anywhere in sight
except the robin
singing in the willow trees.

They waited ten whole minutes.
Still there were no storks.
Then Kit said: "I know
what we can do.
I've thought of a thing!"
"Oh, Kit," said Kat,
"You are such a good thinker!
You have thought two times!
What is it?"
Kit stuck his hands in his pockets
and looked proud.
"This is it," he said.
"Storks like frogs."
"So they do," said Kat.
"But we haven't any frogs.
We haven't any storks either."
"There are lots of frogs
by the canal," said Kit.

"We will catch them!
We will catch a whole basketful.
When the storks see a whole
basket of frogs,
and the wheel,
and the sticks,
and the straw,
they will surely come back
and build a nest!"
"First we must get the basket,"
said Kat.

THE TWINS GO FROG–HUNTING

Kit and Kat ran, clippity-clap,
back to the kitchen.
Heiny had finished digging the hole

in Mother Vedder's tulip-bed.
He had dug up a good many
tulips, too.
He heard the sound of their
wooden shoes.
"Now, what is going on?" thought
Heiny.
"I must go and see."
He left the hole and ran
after Kit and Kat.
They all reached the kitchen door
at the same time.
Kit opened the door.
Kat held Heiny, so he could not run in
on the clean floor
with his muddy feet.
"Mother, Mother, may we have
the yellow basket?" cried Kit.

"We are going to catch frogs," said
Kat.
"For the storks," shouted Kit.
"Have they come back?" asked Mother.
"Not yet," said Kit, "but they will.
We have spoken to God about it."
"Oh!" said Mother.
She got the yellow basket.
It was the very same basket
that they carried worms in
when they went fishing
with Grandfather.
"Be very careful and do not
fall into the water," said Mother.
"Oh, no," said Kit. "Oh, no," said Kat.
They took the basket.
They shut the door
and ran down the goose-path

to the canal.
The geese were all sunning themselves
on the canal-bank.
When they heard the wooden shoes
coming down the path,
they slipped into the canal
and swam away.
Heiny ran along the canal-bank
and barked at them.
"Keep still, Heiny! You will scare
the frogs," said Kat.
"And the geese," said Kit.
"And the storks," said Kat.
"Bow-wow," said Heiny.
"Oh, dear!" said Kat. "We can never
catch frogs with Heiny here!
He is such a noisy dog!
We must shut him up!"

They ran clippity-clap
back to the stable.
Heiny ran back with them.
When they shut the stable door,
Heiny was inside.
He did not like to be shut up
in the stable.
He wanted to play with Kit and Kat.
He howled and howled.
"Poor Heiny!" said Kat
through the door.
"You must be a good dog!
When we have caught the frogs,
we will come back
and let you out."
"Bow-wow-wow-wow!" said Heiny.
The Twins ran back to the canal.
There were frogs croaking all about.

When Kit and Kat came near,
they stopped croaking
and jumped into the canal.
Kit and Kat worked and worked.
By and by it was almost noon,
and they had not caught a single
frog.
"They jump so fast!" said Kit.
"They jump faster than I do.
They jump farther too."
Just then he saw a frog
sitting on a little stone
at the edge of the water.
He crept up very softly behind it.
He lay down on his stomach
in the grass.
He crept nearer and nearer.
Then he clapped his cap

right down over the frog.
The frog tried to jump,
but he jumped right into
the top of the cap.
Kit held him in the cap.
"I've got one! I've got one!"
he shouted.
Kat ran to him with the yellow
basket.
Kit put the frog, cap and all,
into the basket.
But he could not catch another.
Kat could not catch any at all.
They sat down on the canal-bank.
"I'm tired," said Kat.
"So am I," said Kit.
"Let's take the frog back to the straw-
stack

and see if the storks are there!"
said Kit.
He picked up the yellow basket
with the frog in it.
They trotted up the goose-path
to the stable-yard.
Kit was ahead of Kat.
He got to the stable first.

He peeped round the corner.
Then he stopped so quickly
that Kat bumped into him.
"Hush! they're there!" whispered Kit.
"Where? Where?" whispered Kat.
She peeped over Kit's shoulder.
There were the storks, standing
in the straw and looking right up
at the wheel on top of the pole!
Kit and Kat kept very still.
They were so still
even Heiny did not hear them.
By and by Kit opened the basket.
He lifted the cap.
The frog jumped out.
He jumped toward the straw-stack.
The storks saw him.
That was the end of the frog.

WHAT THE STORKS DID

"This is a fine place to build a nest,"
thought the storks.
"Here are sticks. Here is straw.
And the frogs jump right at us!"
The father stork picked up a stick.
He flew up to the cart-wheel

and began at once to build a nest.
The mother stork took some straw
in her bill and flew after him.
Back and forth they flew.
Kit and Kat watched them.
Then Kat whispered to Kit,
"Let's go and tell Mother."
They crept away, still as mice.
They left their wooden shoes
on the door-step.
They opened the kitchen door so quietly
that Mother did not hear them.
She was standing by the stove
stirring something in the kettle.
Kit and Kat came up behind her.
They threw their arms around her.
Mother jumped. "Bless my soul!"
she cried.

"I didn't know you were here!"
"Sh-sh," said the Twins, both at once.
"They've come back!"
"Who have come back?" said Mother.
She wasn't thinking about storks.
She was thinking about dinners.
"The storks! They are building a nest!"
"Bless my soul! You don't tell me so!"
cried Mother.
"Come and see," said Kat.
"We must be very still," said Kit.
"Heiny must not hear us.
He is in the stable.
He will bark; then the storks
will fly away."
Mother took a bone from the soup-
kettle.
She opened the stable door.

There was Heiny, looking very sad.
"Come, Heiny," said Mother.
"Here is a nice bone for you."
She gave him the bone.
Heiny wagged his tail.
He took the bone to the corner
of the cow-stall.
"There," said Mother,
"that will keep Heiny quiet
while we go to see the storks."
She opened the kitchen door.
They all three crept round the house
and hid behind the straw-stack.
They saw the storks
building their nest.
The nest grew and grew.
By and by the storks were hungry.
They flew away to the canal.

"They have gone to hunt frogs
for their dinner," said Kat.
"I'm hungry, too," said Kit.
Mother Vedder looked up at the sun.
"Bless my soul!" she said.
"It's noon-time! There's the sun
right up in the very top
of the sky!
Your father will be wanting
his dinner."
Then they all three hurried back
to the kitchen.

STUFFY

Every day after that
Kit and Kat watched the nest
until it was all done.
Then they found a hole in the thatch
of the stable loft.

They could peep through the hole
and look down on the nest.
They could see the storks
but the storks could not see them.
Soon there were three eggs in the nest.
The mother stork sat every day
on the nest to keep the eggs warm.
By and by there were three baby storks
in the nest.
Their mouths were always wide open.
All day long the father and mother
storks flew back and forth
to find food for their children.
Just as soon as the baby storks
swallowed one mouthful,
they opened their mouths wide
for another.
The old storks fed them and fed them.

But they could not fill them up.
One day, when the Twins were
watching the nest, Kat said,
"I think the storks are so busy
taking care of their own babies
they haven't any time
to go for ours."
"Maybe God forgot," said Kit.
"Sometimes I forget things myself."
Kat sighed. "We have waited
a long time," she said,
"and we have been very good."
"If they don't come pretty soon,"
said Kit, "maybe I'll stop
being good."
"Why, Kit Vedder!" cried Kat.
"You must be good, anyway!"
Kit hunched up his shoulders.

"Well," he said, "I'll be good
a little while longer and see."
The very next day,
when they were watching the nest,
they saw a strange thing.
The mother bird pushed one
of the young birds
right out of the nest!
It fell into the soft straw.
When they saw that,
the Twins almost fell
down the ladder,
they were in such a hurry
to get down from the loft.
They ran to the straw-stack.
Kit picked up the baby stork.
He put it in Kat's apron.
Then they both ran back to the kitchen.

"Mother, Mother! The old stork
threw one of her babies
out of the nest," shouted Kit.

"Here it is!" cried Kat.
She opened her apron.
There was the bird!
"Bless us and save us!" cried Mother.
"Who ever heard of such a thing?"
Then she thought a minute.
"Maybe the old stork
gave us one of her babies
to thank us for all we have done
for them," she said.
"A stork baby is very nice," said Kat,
"but I asked God for a baby sister
with blue eyes
and a dear little snubby nose."
"A baby brother would be nicer,"
said Kit.
"Maybe God is out of real babies,"
said Kat, "but I told Him

any kind of a baby would do.
Maybe that is why the storks
gave us one of theirs."
"You told God what?"
said Mother Vedder.
Then Kat told her all about how much
she wanted a baby sister and how
much Kit wanted a baby brother.
"We told God all about it," she said,
"and we have been very good."
"Bless your hearts," said Mother. "So
you have."
Then she said,
"Maybe if you take care
of their baby, the storks will see it.
Then they will think you can be
trusted to take care
of a baby sister or a baby brother."

"Of course, even a stork baby
is better than no baby at all,"
said Kat.
"But I'm a little tired of being good,"
said Kit.
Mother Vedder laughed.
"Try a little longer," she said.
"It's nice to be good, anyway."
Mother found a nice box for them.
Kit and Kat made a soft nest in
the box.
They put the baby stork in it.
The baby stork's bill was wide open.
"He's hungry," said Kat. "His mouth
is open.
We must feed him."
"His mouth is always open," said Kit.
"We will call him Stuffy,

because he wants to eat
all the time."
They ran out in the garden
to hunt bugs and grasshoppers
and worms for Stuffy to eat.
Every day they fed him and fed him.
Stuffy grew and grew.
In a few days he would run about
the stable-yard with the geese.
He began to hunt bugs for himself.
But he would open his mouth
whenever he saw the Twins
coming.
He followed them about
wherever they went.
He did not miss the old storks,
because the Twins
took such good care of him.

When he was bigger,
he slept in the straw
with the geese.
Kit and Kat were very proud of Stuffy.
One day, when he was quite a big bird,
Kit and Kat ran out
to the stable-yard with Heiny.
They looked up at the storks' nest.
There were no storks there!
The nest was empty.
The father and mother storks
and the two young storks
had all flown away.
The geese were sunning themselves
in the straw.
Stuffy was with them.
They did not seem to know
that the nest was empty.

They saw Kit and Kat coming.
They saw Heiny coming, too.
The old gander did not like Heiny.
Neither did the geese.
When they saw him coming,
they got up from their warm nests.
They said, "Kss."
Then they waddled away
down the goose-path to the canal
as fast as they could go.
Stuffy went with them.
The old gander did not go
with the geese.
Instead he flapped his wings.
He stretched his neck and said, "Kss."
He was very cross.
Heiny was not cross.
He was feeling very gay.

He thought it would be fun
to scare the old gander.
He thought the old gander
would squawk and run.
The hens always squawked and ran
when Heiny barked at them.
"Bow-wow," said Heiny.
He frisked about the old gander
and barked and barked.
But the old gander did not squawk.
He did not run away.
He ran right at Heiny.
Heiny was surprised.
"Well, well!" thought Heiny.
"That old bird does not know
what a brave dog I am!
I will show him a thing or two.
I will nip his leg.

That will teach him to take a joke."
Heiny danced up to the old gander
and tried to nip his leg.
But the old gander nipped Heiny's
ear instead!
"Ki-yi, Ki-yi!" yelped Heiny.
"This is not what I expected at all!
This is a surprise! I don't like it!
I think I will go home."
Heiny started to run away,
but just then he saw the geese
and Stuffy going down the goose-
path.
"I will chase them," he thought.
"They will squawk and run, I feel sure."
He bounded away down the path.
"Come, Heiny; come, Heiny!
Bad dog! Come here!" screamed Kat.

Kit tried to whistle,
but something was wrong
with his pucker.
No whistle came!
Heiny did not hear Kat call.
He was having a fine time.
The geese were all running and
squawking.
Stuffy was running with them.
Soon they reached the canal.
The geese swam away,
but Stuffy could not swim.
He flapped his wings
and ran to the edge of the water.
Then suddenly Kit and Kat saw him
fly right up in the air!
He flew over the canal!
He lit in the green field

on the other side.
Heiny could not reach him there.
"Come back, Stuffy; come back!"
screamed the Twins.

But Stuffy did not come back.
He had found out
that he had wings!
Kit and Kat could see him
running across the field.
Then he rose up in the air.
He flew farther and farther away.
He flew and flew.
He flew across the field
where the cows were grazing.
He flew over the windmill
and over the steeple in the town.
He flew until he was so far away
the Twins could not see him at all.
They sat down on the canal-bank
and cried tears.
"Oh! oh!" wailed Kat.
"The old storks are gone.

Stuffy is gone!
And no baby sister yet!
Not even a baby brother!"
Kit didn't say a word,
but he dug his fists in his eyes,
and soon there were
two little black streaks
on his cheeks
where the tears ran down.
Heiny came running to them
with his tail between his legs.
He had met the old gander
on his way.
The old gander had nipped him again.
Then he had sailed away
down the canal after the geese.
"This is too much!" thought Heiny.
"Once was enough.

I certainly do not like
that bad-tempered old bird.
I will not speak to him again!"
He ran back to the Twins
and sat down beside them.
He felt very much abused.
They were all three very sad.
Pretty soon Kat said,

"Let's go and tell Mother."
They ran back home.
Heiny ran with them.
Mother was standing in the doorway.
She saw them coming.
She saw their tear-stained cheeks.
She opened her arms.
Kit and Kat ran into them.
They told her all about it.
Heiny heard them tell her
how he had chased the geese.
"This is no place for me,"
said Heiny to himself.
"I think I'll go down behind the stable
for a while."
He quietly slipped away.
When they looked for him,
he was nowhere in sight.

"There, there! Never mind!"
said Mother.
She patted Kit and Kat
and gave them some nice milk
to drink.
"Dogs will be dogs," she said.
"Run out now and play."
She gave them each a cookie.
The Twins felt better,
but they were still sad
about Heiny.
They went out and sat down
on a chicken-coop
near the rabbit-pen.
There was a mother hen
in the coop.
She had twelve little chicks.
"Cluck, cluck," said the mother hen.

"Peep, peep," said the baby chicks.
They ran all about the Twins' feet.
Then they ran back to their mother.
The mother hen cuddled them
under her wings.
"There are lots of babies in the world,"
said Kat.
"There are baby rabbits and baby storks
and baby chicks,
but there is no little baby sister
with blue eyes and a snubby nose
for us."
"There isn't any baby brother, either,"
said Kit. "God forgot."

The Letter

The Twins were just about
to feel sad again
when they saw Father coming.
He had a letter in his hand.
Kit and Kat ran to meet him.

Father held up the letter.
"It is for you," he said.
"For us? A real truly letter?"
cried the Twins.
"A real truly letter for you,"
said Father.
He held it up so they could see.
This is the way it looked.

For
Kit and Kat Vedder

The Twins could not read.
They were too little to read.
They were only five years old.
"I will read it for you,"
said Father Vedder.

He sat down on the chicken-coop,
and opened the letter.
Kit and Kat looked over his shoulders.
"This is what it says," said Father.
"Dear Kit and Kat,
We want you to come
and make us a visit.
You may stay all night.
Grandfather and Grandmother."
"Oh! goody!" cried Kat.
"When do we go?" said Kit.
"This very afternoon," said Father.
"I will take you in the boat."
Kit and Kat ran back to the house.
"Mother, Mother! We are going
to visit Grandfather and Grand-
mother,"
cried Kat.

"They wrote us a letter," shouted Kit.
He waved it in his hand.
Mother looked at the letter.
"Bless us!" she said,
but she did not seem surprised.
"You must eat your dinner first,"
she said,
"It is all ready for you."
When they had eaten their dinner,
Mother dressed Kat
in her best dress
with blue stripes on the skirt.
She dressed Kit in his velveteen suit
with silver buttons.
"You must be good children,"
she said.
She kissed them good-bye.
Then she stood in the doorway

and watched them run
down to the canal.
Heiny came back from behind the
stable.
He ran with them to the boat.
Father Vedder was in the boat.
He helped the Twins get in.
Heiny tried to jump in, too.
"No, no, Heiny. You cannot go.
You were not invited,"
said Father Vedder.
Heiny went back and sat down
on the bank.
His ears drooped.
Father Vedder untied the boat.
"Here we go," he said.
And away they went down the canal.
"Good-bye, Mother. Good-bye, Heiny,"

cried the Twins.

Soon the boat went round a bend,
and Kit and Kat could not see their house.

They could not see their Mother.

They could not see Heiny.

They felt a queer feeling.

"Now we are gone, too," said Kat.

"The old storks are gone.
Stuffy is gone. We are gone!"

"But we shall come back," said Kit.

Father rowed and rowed.

By and by they came to the town.

They went up a little canal
and stopped right before Grandfather's house.

Grandfather was at the landing-place
to meet them.

Grandmother stood in her doorway.
Kit and Kat ran to her.
Father Vedder called,
"Good-bye, Kit! good-bye, Kat!"
"Good-bye!" called the Twins.
They stood with Grandfather and Grandmother
and waved their hands
until he was out of sight.
When they could not see their Father any more, Kat felt a queer feeling again.
Kit felt it, too.
They both looked very solemn.
"I have a queer feeling," said Kat.
"Where is it?" said Kit.
"I think it is here," said Kat.
She put her hand on her stomach.

"It makes me feel queer
to think about home," she said.
"Maybe you are hungry,"
said Grandmother.
"Come into my kitchen."
Kit and Kat ran into Grandmother's
kitchen.
This is what they found there.

There was a little table
all set for two, with little dishes.
There were two little plates
and two little cups
and a little teapot.
There were two little stools
beside the table.
"Oh! oh!" cried Kat, "is it for us?"
"It is for you," said Grandmother.
"There are cookies, too.
You may pour the tea, Kat."
Kit and Kat sat down on the little
stools.
The queer feeling was all gone.
Kat poured the tea.
She put in cream, and two lumps of
sugar.
She passed it to Kit.

"Thank you," said Kit, very politely.
They ate the cookies and drank the tea.
Grandfather and Grandmother
sat beside them.
Kit and Kat told them
all about the storks,
and about Stuffy,
and how Heiny
had driven Stuffy away
and chased the geese.
"Heiny is the nicest yellow dog
in the whole world," said Kit,
"but sometimes he is very careless."
"He tracks up the clean floor," said Kat.
"He chases the chickens," said Kit.
"He upset the soup
and burned his nose," said Kat.

"The cow shook her horns at him,"
said Kit.
"The old gander bit him," said Kat.
"Well, well, dear me!" said Grandfather.
"Now he has chased Stuffy away,"
said Kat.
"The old storks have flown away, too.
So now we shall never have
a baby sister with blue eyes
and a dear little snubby nose."
"Nor a baby brother," said Kit.
"Dear, dear! Just think of that!"
said Grandmother.
"You told us that when people
were very good,
sometimes the storks
would bring them

a brand-new baby," said Kat.

"Dear, dear! So I did!" said Grandmother.

"We thought surely they would bring one to our house," said Kat.

"We have waited a long time," said Kit,
"and we have been very good."

"And now the storks have all flown away," said Kat.

"Dear me! dear me!" said Grandmother.

Grandfather smoked his pipe
and didn't say anything at all.

The Twins felt the queer feeling coming on again,
but Grandmother said,
"Have another cookie,"

and when they had eaten more cookies,
Grandfather got out his accordion
and played such a jolly tune
that the queer feeling went away
and did not come back any more.
By and by it was time for supper,
and pretty soon after that
it was time to go to bed.
The very next thing Kit and Kat knew,
it was morning again
and almost time to go home.
They ate breakfast and dinner
and helped wash the dishes.
Then Grandfather and Grandmother
took them home in the dog cart.
Kit and Kat rode in the cart.
Peter and Paul were Grandfather's dogs.

They pulled the cart.
Grandfather walked beside it
and held the reins.
Grandmother walked on the other side.
They walked a long way
beside the canal.
Then they came to a bridge.
They crossed the bridge.
Then they walked some more.
By and by they saw their house.
They saw smoke coming out of the
chimney.
They saw Heiny by the rabbit-pen.
They saw the geese
swimming in the canal.
And in the doorway they saw Father!
He held a bundle in his arms.
"Oh! oh!" cried Kat.

"I see Father standing in the door!
Let's hurry!"
"Get up," said Grandfather.
Peter and Paul got up.
They ran as fast as they could run.
Grandfather had to run, too.
Grandmother came
as fast as she could come.
But it was not very fast
because she was fat.
The cart clattered into the yard.
"Whoa," cried Grandfather.
Kit and Kat tumbled out of the cart
and ran to the door.
"See what the storks brought us,"
said Father Vedder.
He turned back the little quilt
over the bundle,

and there in his arms
lay a dear little pink baby
with blue eyes
and a snubby nose!
Kat clasped her hands.
"Is it — oh, *is* it — a real truly baby
sister?" she cried.
"No, but it is a real truly
baby brother," said Father Vedder.
Kat held up her arms,
and her Father
placed the little bundle
tenderly in them.
"God didn't forget after all,"
said Kit.

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